

Wings of the Wanderlust

CONTAINING

THE CALL OF THE NORTH - KILLED IN FLANDERS
AND 33 OTHER POEMS

By LLEWELLYN P. BODE

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WANDERLUST

*I am a victim of wanderlust,
Around the world I go,
And these are the wings that carry me on
Wherever the wild winds blow.*

PIRATES vs. GRINDSTONES

Come listen my lads and I'll tell you a story,
A piping sea story of days long ago.
Of the clipper Sea Queen in the days of her glory.
So pipe the lads aft from aloft and alow.

Our skipper was Yankee, a deep water sailor,
The mate was a bucko, two fisted and tough.
The second was French but the son of a whaler,
Whose pride was his skill when the weather was rough.

Our crew was a riffraff of all seven oceans,
A motley collection of deep water salts.
The cook was a dago with Bolshevik notions,
But the beggar could cook and had very few faults.

We sailed from Jamaica with 'lasses and sugar,
And also some grindstones, for times they were slack,
Two days out of port we were chased by a lugger,
A swift sailing rascal, suspiciously black.

We cracked on top gallants, a jib and a spanker,
Our lee rail awash as we tore through the blue.
As for fighting the pirate our Cap. didn't hanker,
For powder was scarce and our men were too few.

In spite of our swiftness, the rascal o'erhauled us,
His longboats were out and were coming our way.
And then to the poop deck our old skipper called us,
And told us a plan to make pirate boy pay.

We brought up some grindstones and hid by the gun'll
While pirates in longboats hove to alongside.
Our Captain stood by with his hands like a funnel
And then of a sudden he laughingly cried,

"Heave over the grindstones," they smashed through the longboats.
And down to the bottom sank pirates and all.
It was lucky for us that they didn't build strong boats.
Our foemen were gone, but 'twas sure a close call.

We flew at the pirate to give him a mauling,
But losing his longboats, he turned tail and fled.
And just about then the long shadows were falling,
We returned to our quarters and all went to bed.

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THE FORESTER

Tune: Tipperary.

Up to bonny Glenmore came a forester one day,
Sure the snow was on the ground and everything was gray.
When he saw the soup and skilly, bread and bacon rare,
He sprang upon a lumber pile, and thus he rent the air:

Chorus: It's a long way to Grande Prairie,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Grande Prairie,
Where there's lots to eat, I know;
Good-bye Perth and Glasgow,
Fare thee well, Dundee;
It's a long long, way to Grande Prairie,
To my home o'er the sea.

Tommy got paraded to his forester C.O.,
Saying sure I want a transfer out of this and so
Send me down to Blighty and I'll join the A.S.C.—
But Tommy went to Wandsworth, where he didn't want to be.

Chorus.

Sandwiches for dinner, and it's heavy on the "sand,"
Work we get a-plenty in this God-forsaken land.
Sure we start at daybreak and it's dark before we're through.
And all we get for breakfast is a lot of sticky goo!

Chorus.

Once a month is pay day, and it's then the boys are gay:
Passes to Kingussie, and to Granton on the Spey,
Pretty girls are plenty, and there's lots of fizzy drink,
And when we get too noisy, sure they shove us in the clink.

Chorus.

But in spite of troubles, we're busy as the bees,
And at times we work in water, far above our knees,
Now and then a man is killed, but we should worry, oh,
And when the war is over sure it's home we're going to go.

Chorus.

IN OLD HAWAII

Far away across the ocean
Lies a sunlit coral shore,
Where the nightingales are singing,
And the ceaseless breakers roar.

I can see the dusky maidens
Weaving flowers in their hair.
I can see the brilliant parrots
Flitting softly through the air.

There are swimmers at Waikiki
Splashing noisy in the surf.
There are races on the Paili
And across the grassy turf.

There are officers from Schofield
Strolling slowly down the street.
Corporals, sergeants, rear rank privates,
Mounted coppers on their beat.

And I long to cross the ocean
And to see that land again.
But, alas! I'm headed eastward
To Alberta's sunny plain.

THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

I saw a forest in the hills
Where wandered many an antlered band,
Where lurked the trout in rippling rills
Above Loch Morlick's shining strand.

I wandered through the leafy dells,
Among the heather pink and white,
I saw a host of Scotch bluebells
Sway in the sunshine warm and bright.

I saw the hare and Highland grouse
From covert steal with cautious air,
I watched the deer in quiet browse,
Among the fern and flowers fair.

The birches rustled in the breeze,
The shadows danced upon the rocks;
While faint and far among the trees
I heard the barking of a fox.

But now, alas! those days are o'er,
And peace has fled beyond the hills;
The axe is heard along the shore,
And falling trees have choked the rills.

Where stood the tall and stately fir,
And sprang the bluebells, fair and sweet,
Is heard the sawmill's rasping whirr,
And comes the echoing tramp of feet.

The woodland isles have ceased to be;
The deer have fled; the grouse have flown;
The hills resound with crashing tree,
And all is desolate and lone.

But in the distant, future years,
Sweet Nature, with her healing hand,
Shall come and shed her kindly tears
Upon this sad and desolate land.

The bluebells fair shall bloom again,
The deer shall wander by the shore
And peace shall rule the valley, when
The gang is gone for evermore.

FARMER CORNCOB COMES TO GRANDE PRAIRIE

Have you heard how Farmer Corncob
Came to settle at Grande Prairie,
In the Prairie City District,
Just a few miles north of Bear Lake?

You have not, so I will tell you,
Though my verse is somewhat rummy,
But sit tight and you shall listen—
If you don't, then go to Hades.

From the land of the Dakotas,
Where the wheat had yielded nothing,
Came the Corncob land a-hunting,
Bringing bills of many X's;

Came to Saskatoon and Gull Lake,
Edmonton and south to Lethbridge,
Looked at many quarter sections,
Was not satisfied to purchase,

On the Edmonton Dungwagon, B.C.
Which is sometimes called a railroad,
Came the Corncob, still unsettled,
And alighted in Grand Prairie.

There he saw a sign which shouted
That the firm of Mike Maloney
Was at hand to furnish homesteads
Of all sizes and descriptions.

Farmer Corncob, once directed,
Bought Maloney out and told him
What he wanted in the land way,
And enquired how was business.

On the instant that he heard him,
Mike Maloney, on the double,
Quickly cleared his decks for action,
Quickly froze onto the Corncob.

Told him tales about the country,
How the lakes were full of fishes.
How the woods were full of moose,
And the stubble full of chicken.

Told him tales about the barley,
Wheat and oats and many grasses.
Took him out joy-riding, gratis,
In his faithful old tin Lizzie.

Farmer Corncob was delighted
With the country and its prospects,
Settled on a quarter section
Just a few miles north of Bear Lake.

Sent a wire to his Mrs.
Who was living in Dakota,
In the land of the Dakotas,
Saying "Come at once and join me,

I have found a second Eden
Where the crops are always bumper.
There is wealth for us awaiting
In the district of Grande Prairie.

Sell the farm and sell the horses,
Sell the cows, and all the chickens,
Come, and bring the little Corncobs,
All the seven little Corncobs."

Mrs. Corncob, as ordered,
Sold the farm and all the chattels,
Brought the seven little Corncobs,
Met her husband in Grande Prairie.

Now the Corncobs, re-united,
Are all settled on a quarter
In the district of Grande Prairie,
Just a few miles north of Bear Lake.

ADDENDA

Come to Prairie city district,
All you husky landless Corncobs;
You will find a hearty welcome,
From its climate and its people.

CALAMITY

The world was peaceful in the summer sun,
And every man was busy at his trade.
The crowds were moving by in search of fun,
The hand of war, it seemed, at last was stayed.

But on that fatal August day,
The Devil was unleashed, his aid was sought;
The Teuton beast began to burn and slay,
And raised the battle cry of "Me Und Gott!"

'Twas gallant Belgium first who drew the sword,
And held the fierce invader in his path;
Defied the Kaiser and his warlike horde,
While over Europe burst a storm of wrath.

The warlike bugles crashed aloud in France,
And with a bound the nation sprang to arms,
Shook open to the breeze the pennoned lance,
And left the women-folk at home to tend the farms.

Then wild and high the clarion call arose—
The call of England to her free born sons,
The call of Britain when beset with foes—
The Empire call to rally round the guns.

Down from the frozen forests and the plains
Of Russia came a mighty host of men—
An arm of strength, though somewhat shy on brains,
They rolled across the Prussian field and glen.

And Italy, after hesitating long,
At length took up the iron gauge of war,
Exchanged her hymn of peace for martial song,
And sought her ancient foe within his lair.

Oh, Motherland, across the seas so far.
United States, my country first and last,
Why art thou laggard in the glorious war?
Forget that selfish doctrine of the past.

And many another nation, strong and brave,
To fight for justice and for liberty,
Has given all the rights of man, to save,
To help defend the freedom of the sea.

Shall liberty, and all we hold so dear,
Be crushed beneath the tyrant's bloody heel?
Shall royal manhood bow the head in fear?
Shall Justice to the brute be forced to kneel?

No! a thousand times, ere falls the blight
Of Hunnish slavery on our free-born sons,
We'll stand our ground and battle for the right,
Or perish 'mid the thunder of the guns.

BALLAD OF BILL BROWN

There once was a cowboy in a far Texas town,
A bold dashing rider by name of Bill Brown.
He wanted a lady, his shanty to keep,
To mend his torn breeches, to dust and to sweep.

So he jumped on his bronk and he splashed through the rills,
Up Porcupine Gulch and away o'er the hills.
He rode and he ran at a terrible rate,
Till he came to the rancho of Rattlesnake Kate.

Now Kate had a daughter so young and so sweet,
Her cheeks were like roses, quite small were her feet.
Her smile was like sunshine, her hair was like gold,
A charming young lady, just nineteen years old.

That Bill was quite welcome 'twas easy to see.
She gave him a hug and kiss on the Q.T.
Says Bill, "Though I'm poor, yet I love you the best,
And you'll be my Mary, to Hades with the rest."

So out to the bronk these two lovers did steal,
While Kate was inside, just preparing a meal.
A clatter of hoofs and the couple were gone,
Afar o'er the hills to the Reverend John.

Now down in their home free of worry or strife,
Dwells Cowboy Bill Brown and his charming young wife.
Their son Billy boy and another called Joe.
My story is done, to my supper I'll go.

A TRUE STORY

In the shadow of a tower,
Battered by the German shell,
Lies a lonely grave grass-covered,
Where a gallant soldier fell.

Do you want to hear the story
How this hero met his fate;
How he died to save his comrades,
Like Horatius at the gate?

At a shell-wrecked farm in Flanders,
In a gaping, shell-torn wall,
Stood a sentry, cold and weary,
As the night began to fall.

Right behind him, in a stable,
Lay his comrades, fast asleep,
Trusting to their brother comrade,
Sentry o'er their rest to keep.

It was raining, cold and dreary;
And the sentry, battle worn,
Little dreamed of deadly danger
Ere the coming of the morn.

O'er his mind the fancies flitted,
Thoughts of children, home and wife,
On his loved Alberta homestead,
Far removed from death and strife.

Hark! A sound from out the darkness
Drove these fancies from his brain;
And he listens, rifle ready,
For that sound to come again.

As the foe, to where the sentry
Stood like one of Britain's sons,
Charging came, with rifles flashing,
"Tumble up," he yelled, "The Huns!"

And his comrades, sleeping, resting,
In the stable heard his call,
Seized their arms and sprang to join him
At the shell-hole in the wall.

Tho' their comrade's warning saved them
From a death of shame and dread,
When the Hun attack was shattered
Sentry Anderson lay dead.

Now he sleeps beside the tower,
Where no more the whizbangs fall,
Never more to hear the bugle,
Or to heed his comrades' call.

Though his grave has been forgotten,
Yet his name is known to fame,
And his memory lives forever
In the land from whence he came.

TOMMY'S REWARD

When war's mighty bellow was heard in the land,
And all we held dear was at stake,
Then Tommy the soldier at once took his stand
The Hun's threatened inroad to break.

He fought like a hero, with bombs and grenades,
With rifle and bayonet, too;
He swore that the Kaiser he'd blow clear to Hades,
He'd run the old Boche through and through.

And Tommy has done it, he made a clean job
Of Bill and his murderous crew.
He put little Willie and Bill on the hob
And then he came home for his due.

He'd lived upon tombstones, and bully, and hash,
Slumgullion or government stew;
He'd hobnobbed with rats, and he'd spent all his cash
To eke out his rations—would you?

Now he is home with his kiddies and wife,
He's up against poverty's grip.
For he lost his right arm in the heart of the strife—
But he's keeping a stiff upper lip.

A miserly pension is his thrice a year;
He's harassed with debts day and night,
By the butcher, the baker, the war profiteer.
By Heck! It's a shame! It's not right.!

A SONG OF SPRING

When the snow is gone
And the fields are green;
And the catkins glow
With a silver sheen;
When the chips are bare
In the old backyard,
And the earth turns black
'Neath the sulky's shard;
When the stubble fields
Are brown and bare;
And the sun shines warm
On the crocus fair;
Then I sigh for home
In the far northwest;
For the golden fields
Of a country blest;
For my Lilly fair,
And my baby boy;
For days of peace,
And a life of joy.
If I once get back
I never will roam—
For there's never a place
Like Home, Sweet Home.

THE SCRUB-WOMAN'S LAMENT

I am only a poor scrub-woman,
Once I was young and fair,
Once I had cheeks like roses,
Once I had golden hair.

It seems but a day since Harry
Kissed me, his soldier bride,
Then went away to battle
And like a soldier died.

They brought him back from the trenches;
He led the charge it seemed,
They said he died like a hero,
My Harry was all I had dreamed.

They sent me his watch and medals,
I keep them safe at the bank,
And before poor Harry was buried
They gave him a sergeant's rank.

I still have his life insurance
Put by for a rainy day,
For when I am old and helpless
It will keep the wolf at bay.

So now I work in Tuxedo
Earning my daily bread.
And when I think of my Harry,
It's many the tears I shed.

My hair has turned to silver
My eyes have faded too,
But I know my Harry is waiting
Afar in the skies so blue.

And the trampling feet go by
With never a thought or care
For the lowly meek scrub-woman
With her wealth of silvery hair.

RHYMES OF AN EX-PATIENT

There's a spot in Manitoba
Where the wide Red River flows,
Where the land is green in summer
Or is white with winter snows,
Where the lame and sick and helpless
Find a haven of repose,
What we'd do without Tuxedo
Or the Sisters Heaven knows.

There we leave our ills behind us
In Tuxedo's ward so good,
There our Sisters have to mind us
And prepare our daily food,
There we get our fish on Fridays
Milk or tea and coffee too,
Bread and meat and many puddings
All things good and fit to chew.

Sure the wards are always spotless
Beds are tidied, tables swept,
Floors are scrubbed and mops are banished
To the place where mops are kept,
Though my spiel is mostly harmless
And is lacking much in rhyme,
Let, Oh! Let me leave behind me
Footprints on the sands of time.

ADDENDA

'Tis of years some six or seven
Since he offered up his prayer,
Go today to old Tuxedo
You will find the footprints there.

THE CYCLE OF THE SEASONS

Spring

When the warm spring sun is shining
And it's time to plant the beans,
When the mind of man is pining
For a mess of garden greens,

When the brooklet is a-humming
And the birdies have come home
When the river's up and coming
And the bees are building comb,

When it's time to set the chicken
And it's feeling good to live,
Then you'll find without much kickin'
That the spring has done arriv'.

Summer

When the days are hot as blisters
And we love to hunt the shade,
When we call upon our sisters
For some home-made lemonade.

When the wheat is green and growing
And the spuds are jumping too,
When the farmer's busy mowing,
In the hay along the slough.

When your tummy is a-yearning
For a glass of icy beer,
Then you'll know without much learning
That the good old summer's here.

Autumn

When the frost is on the clover
And the wheat is in the shock,
When it's time to hunt the plover
And to sell the fatted stock.

When the spuds are in the cellar
And the shed is full of wood,
When the leaves are turning yellar
And we mend the tractor's hood.

When we love to hear the jingle
Of the horses nearing home,
And your toes are all a-tingle
Then you'll know that fall has come.

Winter

When the snow is falling downward
And the stove is glowing too,
When your thoughts will wander townward
And there's moose meat in the stew.

When there's snowbirds by the dozen
On the wheat stack on the hill,
When the swimming hole is frozen
And it's silent at the mill.

Then we sit around the fire
As we listen to the blast,
And we know by all that's dire
Winter time has come at last.

THE CALL OF THE NORTH

There's a spot in North Alberta
Where the wide Peace River flows,
Where the land is green in summer
Or is white with winter snows,
Where the lakes are full of fishes
And the woods are full of moose,
And the marsh is all a-clatter
With the call of duck and goose.

Chorus:

Then it's Ho for the North that is silent,
And it's Ho for the North that is strong,
And it's Ho for the night
When the moon shines bright
And it's Ho for the days that are long.

Where the music of the tractor
Carries on the evening breeze,
And the air is sweetly scented
By the Balm-of-Gilead trees,
Where the saskatoons in clusters
Grow so thickly on the vine,
And the raspberries in plenty
Grow beneath the spruce and pine.

Chorus:

'Tis a land of milk and honey
Deer and partridge by the score,
You can shoot the prairie chicken
Right from out your kitchen door,
And I'm going home tomorrow
Never more afar to roam,
For I've found the dearest place is
Prairie City HOME SWEET HOME.

AN IDYL OF VANCOUVER

Part 1.

Down Vancouver's street one evening,
Strolled a lonesome soldier boy,
He was keenly on the lookout,
For a bit of fluffy joy.

Tall and slim and broad of shoulder,
Curly locks of chestnut hue,
Smiling face so bright and cheerful,
Laughing eyes of deepest blue.

All rigged out in newest khaki,
Sergeant's chevrons on his arms,
Dinky moustache waxed and pointed,
What cared he for war's alarms?

Such was Sergeant Billy Ryan,
Neatest soldier in the force
In the cavalry division,
Umpteenth Squadron B.C. Horse.

Strolling slowly down the pavement,
As he mingled with the throng,
He was looking for a floozy,
Ever thus 'tis with the strong.

Part 2.

Mother dear, I am going shopping,
Thus spoke pretty Mary Bate,
You can wash the supper dishes,
You, or darling sister Kate.

So she donned her high heeled tootaies,
Skirt of brown and blouse to match,
Paint and powder on her phisog,
Merry widow on her thatch.

Down to Hastings Street she wandered,
Tall and queenly every inch,
She was looking for a hubby,
Or a lover, 'twas a cinch.

In the downtown business district,
Near the old Pantages gate,
Where the crowds were moving thickest,
Pretty Mary met her fate.

For she dropped her dinky war bag,
And our Billy picked it up,
Saying as he then returned it,
Would you care with me to sup.

Part 3.

Pretty Mary blushed and stammered,
What she thought I couldn't say,
But she took a chance that evening,
In a little known cafe.

Face to face they ate together,
Blue eyes gazed into the brown,
Billy Ryan thought his Mary,
Just the best there was in town.

Who can say what Mary's thoughts were,
As she gazed on Billy Boy,
Had she found a sweetheart really,
Mary's heart was filled with joy.

Later in the old Pantages,
As they watched the scene devolve
Of a pair of happy lovers,
Billy made a swift resolve.

As they wandered slowly homeward,
Billy whispered in her ear,
"Will you be my sweetheart, Mary?
Trust me, you shall never fear."

Mary turned and shyly whispered,
"You have scarcely known me yet.
But I'll be your sweetheart truly."
Billy answered, "Oh! My pet."

Wedding bells were ringing sweetly,
On a smiling morn in June,
Ryans two were serenaded,
By the brooklet's merry tune.

Here we leave the happy sweethearts,
Quite contented in their home,
Settled down no more to wander.
Never more afar to roam.

MOTHER ROBIN AND HER CHICKS

There's a house on Agnes Street,
Where the mellow sunlight falls,
Pitter, patter, little feet,
Listen to the childish calls.

Violet, Jack and little Fred,
Mother's voice is heard to speak,
Come, it's time to go to bed,
Bedroom doors are heard to creak.

Through the night in slumber deep,
Little heads are laid at rest,
Whisk around the shadows creep,
Mother's word is always best.

Morning dawns and then it's Fred,
Violet will you not arise,
Jack you lazy lie-a-bed,
Shake the sleep out of your eyes.

Violet has a pretty doll,
Freddy's eyes are on a harp,
Jackie hears the pennies fall,
Mother Robin's eyes are sharp.

Nothing gets by unaware
Mother's eyes are quick to see,
Signs of mischief anywhere,
Too much sugar in the tea.

Thus the day is quickly sped,
Jackie has to pick up sticks,
Soon the four are all in bed,
Mother Robin and her Chicka.

THE DESERTED CABIN

Afar on the lonely prairie,
Forsaken by all but God,
Stands a deserted cabin,
Nestling on the sod.

Lashed by storms in summer,
Pelted by winter's snows,
Where is its absent owner?
Heaven above us knows.

Inside, the place is empty,
Table and chair, that's all,
With one pathetic exception—
A calendar on the wall.

'Tis marked at the eighth of August,
When the owner was called away.
Perchance he lies in Flanders,
Waiting the judgment day.

The glass is gone from the windows,
The old door hinges creak.
The roof is sagging downward.
Ah me! If those walls could speak.

What tales they could tell of ambitions
Of sorrow and joy and pain,
Of lives and loves that are vanished,
Of days of sunshine and rain.

Still is the cabin standing,
Old and faded and gray,
Waiting its absent master,
Falling to slow decay.

FOOLS' GOLD

Into my store there came one day
A stranger aged and bent and gray.

"Good morning, Pard," I says to him.
"Ye're wrong," says he, "my name is Jim."

"My last name's something, I've just forgot,
But call me Jim and you'll hit the spot.

But I want some matches, my pipe to light,
Some caps and fuse, and some dynamite.

Somr weed to smoke and a bit to chew,
Pick and shovel and gold-pan too.

Beans, the best you've got in town,
Sugar and tea and bacon brown.

I want a burro as good as gold,
A blanket too for the nights are cold.

For I'm going prospecting in the hills.
I'll test the gulches and tap the rills.

Across the valleys I'll surely hike,
And keep it up till I make my strike."

He paid for the lot with gold dust rich,
And packed his goods with the diamond hitch.

And that's the last I saw of Jim.
He vamooseed pronto life and limb.

Three months expired, when into town
There limped a prospector tanned and brown.

His burro was done and so was he,
And he hadn't as much as a pinch of tea.

But the samples he had were in a sack
That was lashed to a part of the burro's pack.

It was Jim, of course, and he came to me,
He had struck it rich, I was glad to see.

I've made my strike, I'm rich as hell,
I'll go back east and become a swell.

I'll wear white collars and shine my shoes,
I'll go to church and drink fine booze.

He dumped his samples on the floor,
I took one look and let out a roar,

I held my sides till I thought I'd break,
It was just fools' gold and no mistake.

ADVENTURES OF A BOOK AGENT

To the city of Vancouver
Where it rains for aye and always
Came a youth by fever sickened
From the Prairie City district,
Came by Edmonton and Red Deer,
Calgary and west to Kamloops,
Selling books to pay his passage
Till he came to New Westminster.
Long he tarried in Westminster
Selling books by himself written,
In the fog and cold and dampness,
Earning plenty of masuma.
Presently the town he finished
Then he journeyed to Vancouver,
To the city of Vancouver
Where it rains for aye and always.
Near to Hastings Street and Jackson
Stands a house where rooms are furnished
By a Mary McMahononey,
Who got drunk on Johnny Walker.
For a room he forthwith bargained,
Paying Mary just five dollars,
Paying for a fortnight's lodging,
Then set out to hunt a license.
At the City Hall he lingered,
Subjected to many questions,
Till the license was forthcoming.
Then he journeyed swiftly homeward.
On an early Monday morning
Down to Hastings Street he wandered,
Selling books to shop and cafe
In the rain and cold and dampness.
Later when the weather lifted
Sold he to the private houses
All along the Drive Commercial,
Sold to wives and also daughters.
At a house he knocked and waited,
But the lady who responded
Was so cross and sour looking
That his heart sank quickly downward.
Then said Madam Step-and-fetch-it,
Get you gone, you lazy loafer,
Get you gone with all your rubbish,
And remove your presence quickly.
At another house he lingered,
Spending time in patient waiting,
But the door was never opened

For the building was deserted.
Once upon the Drive Commercial
He a stranger stopped and motioned
That he buy a dinky booklet
For the sum of just a quarter.
But the stranger swore and sputtered,
Stating, if I had a quarter
I would purchase me a sausage
Or a drink of Johnny Walker.
Once, as at a house he tarried,
Came a lady tall and stately,
Saying—"Do you know yer Jasus?
Here is buks to read and shtudy."
So she handed him some pamphlets,
Little booklets tied with ribbon,
All about the road to Heaven
And the way to walk in safety.
But the crooked rascal dropped them
Just behind the next fence corner,
Caring nought for Hell or Heaven,
Willing quite to take his chances.
Many times he got no quarter
At the houses where he tarried,
For the folks were leading members
Of the Order of Hard-uppers.
So this brings him to the present,
New adventures come tomorrow,
So he bids you all good nightshirt
And retires to his bedroom.

TO THE AMERICAN LEGION: A TOAST

Who we are and whence do we come,
I will answer if I can.
We belong to the biggest order on earth,
The royal order of man.

Whence do we come? 'Tis a different tale,
But I would have you know
We come from the lonely places
Wherever the wild winds blow.

Some of us come from the Phillipines,
From the land of alippery things,
Where the Gugu's smile is as smooth as ile,
And his keen-edged bolo swings.

Some of us come from the great Southwest,
From the bronco-twister's home,
Where the buzzard sails o'er the buffalo trails,
And the slinking coyotes roam.

And some of us come from the frozen north,
From the lure of Arctic gold,
Where a man must fight with a giant's might,
For the right to have and to hold.

We meet tonight in the old canteen,
And here's a toast to the day
When the war is o'er and we see the shore
Of our glorious U. S. A.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

'Neath the shadow of the hillside,
Where the summer breezes play,
Stands an old time country schoolhouse,
In the brilliant sun of May.

Never more the master's footsteps,
Will be heard about the halls,
Never more the hills will echo,
With the children's merry calls.

In the schoolroom all is silent.
Dust has settled on the floor,
Spider webs adorn the ceiling,
Open is the creaking door.

Mag and Kenneth, Dan and Clifford,
Merry children, where are they?
Some have died and gone to glory,
Some have wandered far away.

But the schoolhouse still is standing,
Sad and lonely 'neath the hill.
Birds have nested in the belfry,
Weeds have grown about the sill.

Some have gone to lands far distant,
In the wide, wide world they roam,
Settled down in distant countries,
Settled down afar from home.

Some have settled down beside us,
And remain with us today,
But the rest afar have wandered,
Far away, Oh! far away.

I'D LIKE

I'd like to be a poet bold,
And sing of gains and losses,
Of coral cove and treasure trove,
Of politics and bosses.

I'd sing of days when hearts were young,
And pirates hid their plunder,
When arms were strong and days were long
And cannons belched their thunder.

Heigh-ho, I'd like to run away
And go to sea an A.B.
A Bos'n tight or midshipmite,
Or cookie's devil (maybe).

Like Kidd of old I'd pirate turn,
And hunt the Spanish Main,
Like a beast I'd slip on the treasure ship
And harry the King of Spain.

I'd like to be a hunter keen
And haunt the forest reaches,
Where pigeons fly to spruces high
To tamaracks and beeches.

I'd hunt the deer through forest iales,
The foxes in their burrows,
I'd hunt the quail in sheltered vale
Where farmers plow their furrows.

I'd like to be a warrior,
And ride a steed in battle,
Where drummers drum and bullets hum
And men are killed like cattle.

Where bombshells burst and mortars fall
And rum jars add their rumble,
Where whizbangs fly and heroes die
And burning airships tumble.

But here I sit like some old stump
While time goes by unheeding,
My soul is jailed and can't be bailed
In spite of all my pleading.

JOHN FARREL—HERO

In the valley, by the river,
Where the rushes green are growing,
Where the grass is all aquiver
With the breezes gentle blowing.

Lies a grave by man forsaken,
Overgrown with grass and flowers.
But the hero's soul was taken
Up to Heaven's pleasant bowers.

Shall I tell to you the story,
How this hero met his Maker,
How he won undying glory
On the edge of Passeurs crater.

There was silence on the hillside
As a sentry sad and weary
Slowly paced along the millside
On an evening cold and dreary.

In the west the sun was setting,
In a blaze of stormy glory,
While around the bats were flitting
Phantoms in a phantom story.

In the loft the troops lay sleeping
Dreaming of the days long vanished
Dreaming of their mothers weeping
When to Flanders they were banished.

From the north the Boche came creeping,
Through a gate he made his entry.
Stealing on the soldiers sleeping,
Stealing on the watching sentry.

"Gott im Himmel," swore a German,
"Is it thus we come to battle?
Who'll respect the name of Hermann
If we shoot them down like cattle?

On that instant, Sentry Farrel
Heard the plaintive wail of Hermann's,
Seized his rifle by the barrel
Charged the creeping squad of Germans.

And the bunch of Boches flying
From the wrath of Sentry Farrel
Left their comrades dead and dying,
Fled as from a deadly peril.

Stricken by some random bullets
Sentry Farrel sank down sighing,
While the Boches fled like pullets,
All except the dead and dying.

But our Hero's work was finished
When his anxious comrades found him,
For the Boches all had vanished
'Ere they gathered sa' round him.

Now he sleeps beside the river
Where the rushes green are growing,
Where the grass is all aquiver,
With the breezes gentle blowing.

KILLED IN FLANDERS

Stuart's dead! How much I missed him,
Shorty, Buster, where are they?
In his grave death cold has kissed him,
There he lies till Judgment Day.

O'er his grave the corn is growing,
Daisies peep above the sod,
He has won death's secret knowing
Knowledge shared 'twixt him and God.

Stuart's gone, but those who love him,
Still revere his memory dear.
Angels sadly weep above him,
He is not forgotten here.

Never more to roam or wander
On the hills he loved of old,
Never more to sit and ponder,
Death has touched him—he is cold.

Never more to hunt the pheasant
In the stubble on the hill,
Never more to dances pleasant,
Or to feel the sweetheart's thrill.

And that some day I will meet him
I can only hope and pray
That I will be there to greet him
On God's awful Judgment Day.

Farewell Stuart, friend and brother,
When we meet beyond the skies.
Each contented with the other
May there be no tears or sighs.

LINES TO A GOPHER

Most mischevious creature unhung,
He dodges the stone at him flung.
He goes down a hole
Into earth's very soul,
An outlaw uncalled and unsung.

Oh miserable stealer of grain,
I try to step on you in vain.
You slip round my heel
I like a confounded eel,
And disrupt all my castles in Spain.

Oh dodger of trap and of gun,
You are clever, but how you can run.
You are up to your tricks,
And you dodge all my sticks,
And for impudence you take the bun.

But I'll hang your hide on the wall.
Yes, out of you I'll take a fall.

I'll make you look sick
With a shovel and pick,
Or I'll sit down and have a good bawl.

There! Dar' it! You've slipped me again.
You are quicker than lightning, 'tis plain.
I have been such a bat,
Not to think of a cat,
But the witch has me nearly insane.

Come, pussy, there lies a big gopher,
Just eat up yon fat lasy loafer.
What! You don't like his look?
You're a coward, you crook,
And you, I paid good honest dough for.

I think I'll go West, on the level,
To Grande Prairie where no gophers revel.
I'll leave my homestead,
My board and my bed,
My all to that cute little devil.

HOB0 DAN STEALS A BACHELOR'S CAKE

Thou creature of rocks and of sawdust,
Dignified by the name of a cake,
You've spoiled my digestive machinery,
Your contents are making me ache.

How hungry was I when I saw you
Disgracing a clean window-sill,
Sitting there your black heart camouflaging,
I was happy, but now I am ill.

I stole upon tip-toe to seize you,
Then beat it for home and the track;
Climbed into a box-car to eat you,
But now I am flat on my back.

Oh! A curse on the vile wretch who cooked you,
He had far better carry a hod.
If I eat any more of his brickwork,
I will surely be under the sod.

If a brakie comes by, I will paste him,
And cave in his head with the cake.
It will make an admirable weapon,
A weapon that surely won't break.

And at last, when I hit the long trail,
And get down to hell by mistake
And the devil asks me for a weapon,
I will hand him a bachelor's cake.

HOB0 DAN

You may drink to those out yonder,
Or to those who stayed to hum,
But here's to the health of fate's free lance,
The roving railroad bum.
In the shade of the pumping station,
Awaiting the west-bound train,
Stood a poor and lonely hobo
And he whistled this sweet refrain.

Chorus:

I'm a roving son of liberty.
My fortune is to roam.
The farmer is my enemy,
The box-car is my home.
From Puget Sound to Boston
And every point between.
I'm a roving, rolling railroad bum,
And my name is Dan McQueen.

The west-bound train was yarded,
There came a car of hay.
The hobo quickly boarded it,
And travelled far away.
And from a cosy corner,
Upon that moving train,
There drifted out upon the air,
This sadly sweet refrain.

Chorus:

Now Hobo Dan was lonesome,
He led a lonely life,
He had no happy children,
He had no loving wife.
Says he: I think I'll marry
And settle down in Maine.
But wafted on the midnight breeze,
There came this sweet refrain.

Chorus:

Thus in a side-door Pullman
He travels far and wide,
He loves to hit the bumpers,
And ride and ride and ride.
But if a brakie spies him
He has to leave the train,
But still he whistles cheerfully
This sadly sweet refrain.

Chorus:

MARRIED LIFE

When Mary dear wants anything accomplished
She has two voices which she sure commands;
One for requests, soft, gentle and alluring,
One high-pitched, strident and mighty for demands.

It's, "Tom, please get the baby's didy,"
There comes a voice in accents soft and low.
Or, "Tom, please get the baby's talcum powder,"
Or, "Tom, please get a move on," if I'm slow.

But when I slip my good right arm around her
And tell her that I love her, with a sigh,
She yells, "Tom, take your arm awa", you bloomin' bounder,
And jabs her dog-gone elbow in my starboa eye.

The bachelor is a miserable fellow!
He has no wife to cuddle and to keep him warm,
Or reading, wile away the passing hours,
Or share the days of sunshine and of storm.

I would not be a bachelor if I could be.
I'm glad that I got married when I did,
And though at times my wife is rather cranky,
But then thrown in the balance there's the kid.

My little Boy is just what I expected;
Sharp, bright and full of childish joys.
I love to listen to his baby prattle
Especially when his mother it annoys.

But such is married life! I'm not complaining,
Although at times I'm feeling rather blue,
And though the names she calls me make me shudder,
I know my sweetheart will be always true.

LAWRENCE BODE, FIG, FIG, FIG.

Addenda: Here's to piggies small and big,
Lawrence Bode, Fig, Fig, Fig.

On a farm near Prairie City
Lives a Guy called Lawrence Bode.
Lives surrounded by his piggies,
Whom he tends with care and patience.
From the biggest big pig leader,
To the least of all the piggies,
All are fed on oats and barley,
And are scratched and tended daily.

Now this Bode has a bellow
Which is gentle like a foghorn,
And the piggies when they hear it
Leave their play and come a-running.
On that farm they grow the food stuffs,
That are fed to all the piggies,
Oats and barley, swedes and murphies,
Like-wise water from the pumplet.

Now this Bode has a dozen
Piggies who have royal handles,
Black Bess, Peg and Sunset Billy,
Mary Ann and dear Belinda.
Many more who have like titles,
Lords and ladies of ker-pigland,
Who abide in straw-stack castles,
All intent on raising families.

Bode has a younger brother,
Who can run a bloomin' tractor,
And the sound of all its clatter
Can be heard by all the neighbours
Even those who dwell afar off
Plug their ears with cotton batten.
For unless they own a tractor,
They are jealous of its music.

But returning to the piggies,
Now and then they break their fences
And go rooting in the garden,
Which is vexing to Pa Bode.
Then will Lawrence whoop and holler,
Saying, "Get you gone, you piggies,
Get you gone into your pigpen,
And pick up the pig-step quickly."

Then the piggies all will scamper
In their haste to reach their pigpens,
For they love their brother dearly,
His command must be respected
Thus he lives and loves his piggies,
Waiting on them like a Chinkie,
They are all his pets and sweethearts,
So we'll leave him to his kingdom.

BUDDY AND ARTHUR

When the great war's mighty challenge
Rang across the nation wide,
Then our laddies shouldered rifles,
Bud and Arthur, side by side.

Side by side, they went through training,
Side by side, they crossed the deep.
In a rat-infested dug-out,
Side by side they lay asleep.

On the bloody field of Vimy
Arthur was the first to fall,
Wounded, bleeding, in a shellhole,
Faithful Buddy heard his call.

Over trench and ditch and shellhole
Brother Buddy made his way,
Past a ruined gaping farmhouse,
To a field of shell-mown hay.

There he found his dying brother,
Paused awhile to shed a tear,
Shifted Arthur to his shoulder,
Bore away toward the rear.

But the Boche was on the lookout,
When they stopped to take a rest,
And the Fritsie killed poor Arthur,
Got his brother in the chest.

Followed weary weeks in Blighty,
Followed by a weary wait,
While the Pension Board Commission
In Ottawa sealed his fate.

Sixteen dollars was the pension
That the P.B.C. allowed.
Brother Bud could take a homestead,
Land was waiting to be plowed.

So he settled on a quarter,
With the help of S.S.B.,
On his shoulders bore a neck-yoke,
Slave he was, instead of free.

War-worn heroes, home returning,
Pause and read this e'er you fall.
For the P.B.C. is crooked,
They're a bunch av dam rougues all.

SWEET MEMORIES

Seated by the river dreaming
Of the days of long ago.
While the breeze is softly sighing,
In the evening's gentle glow.
Visions come and go before me
Of my youth and childhood's day,
Of my old grey-headed mother,
Of my sister young and gay.

Chorus:

Memories, Memories!
In the golden glow,
Thoughts of happy childhood,
Softly come and go.

How we romped and played together,
In the orchard and the vale,
How we gathered pretty flowers,
All along the woodland trail.
Thoughts of schooldays long since vanished,
Thoughts of pleasant dreams gone by,
Nought is left me but the memory
Nought is left me but to sigh.

Memories of time departed,
Of how fast the years have fled,
Of what little time is left us,
Ere we too shall all be dead.
When we leave this world behind us,
For our home beyond the skies,
May there be no bitter partings,
May there be no tears or sighs.

RUTH

Ruth is dead and gone to glory,
Gone to join her mother there.
You will find her with the angels,
With a pair of white wings fair.

Just a blossom in the budding
Of her noble womanhood.
But she faded, failed and vanished,
Like the lily in the wood.

She is gone but, still her memory
Lingers ever with us yet,
And beloved of all the neighbours,
She is still her daddy's pet.

Just a nurse so kind and loving,
Wounded soldiers were her care,
Happy, smiling, bright and cheerful,
With her wealth of golden hair.

Farewell schoolmate, goodbye Ruthie,
In your home beyond the skies,
May there be no bitter partings,
May there be no tears or sighs.

THE TOILERS

Somewhat back from the city street
Stands a factory old and grey,
Whose grimy windows scarce let in
The light of cold November day.

Inside the walls in silence deep,
In busy hands the needles fly.
The little band of toilers work
Beneath the foreman's watchful eye.

Rachel, Mary, Judith, Jess,
With nimble hands and fingers spry,
Toil on or ease an aching back,
And many a sad and weary sigh.

Is heard as through the long dull day
The busy toilers sit and sew.
Intent on buttonhole and shirt,
Until the weary day is through.
Supper done, it's Mary, Jess,
Rachel, will you come with me?
We'll all take in the picture show,
Then to Kallems for some tea.
Morning comes and then it's Jude,
Come, there's no time now for sleep.
Rachel, Mary, up and dress,
While along the minutes creep.
Mary, Rachel, Judith, Jess,
Busy at work from six till seven,
Throughout their weary lives they toil,
Thankful at last for rest in Heaven.

MICKEY MALONEY TURNS BOOK AGENT

Now, Mickey O'Connor Maloney
Decided some money to earn,
So he tackled a friendly book-agent,
To ax and find what he could learn.
For the sum of two pounds and a shilling,
He was given a hundred ould books,
While the agent made off with the money,
For book-agents always are crooks.
So, bedad, on a bright Monday morning
Bould Mickey set out on his quest
To turn his ould books into shillings,
And finish and feather his nest.
First on the list was O'Mera,
But Mickey came out sadly bled,
For O'Mera was in a bad temper,
And a skillet bent over his head.
The next one was Mrs. MacSweeny,
Says Mickey, "Good mornin' to yis."
"If ye'll put down that double-barrelled shotgun,
I'll be afther talkin' some biz."
"Bedad, will yez have a shmall bukie,
In larnin' 'tis sure a bright shpot,"
But Bould Mickey left in a hurry,
For fire tongs always are hot.
The next one he talked to was Murphy,
But Murphy had lost his pet mule,
And beyond throwing axes and shovels
He simply called Mickey a fool.

"Arrah!" and to blazes with bukies!"
Says Mickey, disgusted and sore.
"The foul murrin take all book-agents,
"Tis me that ud rather be poor."
"Faix, oi niver was built for an agent,"
Says bould Mickey dancing a jig,
So he threw the books over the hedges,
And went home to his taters and pig.

KAISER BILL

Oh! He massacred the Belgians,
And he overran the French,
But when he tackled England,
Sure he couldn't hold a trench.

Chorus:

Oh! He's beat on land and water,
And we'll beat him in the sky,
And we'll string up Kaiser Willy
To a yard-arm by and by.

Oh! He terrified the Dagoes,
And he threatened Uncle Sam,
And yet he claims he's peaceable
As Mary's little lamb.

Chorus:

Oh! He petrified Rumania,
And hit the Russian bad,
And now he thinks his Willie's
Such a clever little lad.

Chorus:

Oh! He mauled the Montenegrin
And the made the Alban wince,
He shouted "Gott be mitt us!"
But he hasn't shouted since.

Chorus:

But now he's fled to Holland,
And found refuge with his friend,
But if we catch the blighter he
Will surely meet his end.

Chorus:

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